

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**AMOS R. RICHARDSON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-1866

**ALEX. BOOKER,** CAL. BOOKER.  
**TONSORIAL.**  
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial,  
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the  
elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new  
barber's saloon,  
Over Taylor's store North side Public square.

**T. M. N. JONES,**  
Attorney at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-1866

**P. G. STIVER PERKINS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-1866

**J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in  
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods  
NOTIONS, &C.  
No. 138 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,  
Jan 12-1866  
LOUISVILLE, KY. 5m

**BROWN & McALLUM,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker  
& Brown. Jan 5-1866

**RUTLEDGE & REED,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE,  
Will practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,  
Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention  
given to the collection of claims. Office at corner  
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5-1866

**Drs. GRANT & ABERNATHY,**  
Pulaski, Tenn.,  
Having associated themselves in the practice of  
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their  
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining  
counties; and hope by strict attention to business  
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
Special Attention Given to Surgery.  
Having had ample experience in the Army during  
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances  
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases  
entrusted to their care.  
Office near South-west Corner Public Square,  
Jan 5-1866

**May, Gordon & May,**  
DEALERS IN  
Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,  
GROCERIES,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS,  
Boots, Shoes, Hard, Queens & Glass-ware,  
JEWELRY, &C.  
West side Public Square, near Tennessee House,  
Pulaski, Tenn.  
WHERE they will at all times be pleased to see  
their friends and the public generally. Jan 12-1866

**Ezell & Edmundson,**  
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.  
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted  
STOCK OF GOODS,  
Embracing a great variety,  
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially  
their elegant stock of  
Ready Made Clothing.  
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium  
and uncurrent, taken at their market value.  
Jan 5-1866

**Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,**  
House Carpenters & Joiners,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short  
notice and in the most approved style.  
Window sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at  
the lowest of prices.  
FURNAL UNDERTAKING.  
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds  
and sizes at short notice. Jan 5-1866

**FRUIT TREES!**  
I wish to inform the citizens of Giles county that  
I have all kinds of Fruit Trees, which I wish to  
sell, from the  
ROSE BANK NURSERY,  
near Nashville, Tenn. Fruit & Wiley, Proprietors.  
All orders filled promptly five miles north of Pulaski,  
on the Columbia pike, or left with J. P. May,  
Pulaski, Tenn. A. P. MARTIN, Agent.  
Jan 12-1866

**M. D. Le MOINE,**  
ARCHITECT,  
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
P. O. Box 875. Jan 1 1866-3m

**NOTICE.**  
ALL persons indebted to the firm of Winstead &  
A. Bro., either by note or account, can settle by  
calling at the office of Rutledge & Reed. Do so  
immediately, or the claims will be put into the  
hands of an officer. Jan 5-1866

## How I Became Famous as an Editor.

[From the Western Star.]

John Lamere was an editor; John was, also, my friend. Many were the discussions we had; for I always insisted that John's editorials were not spiced enough; that he was not "radical," did not keep up with the spirit of the age; was a little "old fogeyish," in fact; and so, these discussions invariably ended with some remark like the following:

"Now, John, if I was editor of the 'Uniontown Eagle,' I could make it—well—at least, as good a sheet as any in the State."

"That 'well,' dear reader, I will tell you, privately, meant that I thought I could beat any man in the State editing a paper." I met John one day—in fact, that meeting is one I am not likely soon to forget, for more reasons than one, as you will see, if you follow me through the following "thrilling adventures," as Sylvanus Cobb would say.

I was hastening "down town," one sultry day in August. My eyes were fixed upon the pavement, my thoughts upon—but that's a secret, even from you, reader—when John came rushing round the corner, and the by-standers witnessed a scene of "ground and lofty tumbling" which was not down on the bills. I, at last, succeeded in gaining my equilibrium and my breath; while John recovered his beaver—not improved, most assuredly, by the contact with the dirty water of the gutter.

"You are just the man I am in search of!" "Well, you succeeded in 'running against' me quite soon enough for practical purposes," I answered, wiping the dust off my clothes.

"I tell you, I was in a desperate hurry to see you."

"I think you was," I dryly responded. But John went on, without noticing my interruption:

"I want you to edit the 'Bugle' for a week—I have to go to C—on business." This announcement would have taken away my breath, had not the previous encounter already done so; for, in an instant, imagination pictured the long editorials, the spicy columns of 'locals,' and the laughter-provoking 'funnyisms,' that should render the next 'Bugle' the *ne plus ultra* of newspapers.

I hastily assured John that I was ready to accede to his proposals, and, following his footsteps, mounted three pairs of stairs, to the "sanctum," where John wheeled round the big chair, and, thrusting a pair of scissors into my hand, pointed to a pile of exchanges and then rushed down stairs. I called to him, but received a reply from the second landing:

"You'll find everything—ask the foreman," and his voice died out in the distance; while I entered the sanctum, humming "I am monarch of all I survey."

I was settling in my mind whether I should head my first editorial "Our Country as It Is," "The Great Rebellion," or "French Interference," when "Copy!" sounded in my ears, and the "devil" stood grinning at me, evidently enjoying the start with which I had greeted the first sound of his voice.

I hastily cut out the first item which my eyes chanced to light upon, "An Anecdote of Charles the V.," and returned to my writing. I had hardly completed the first line, when the door opened, and this time the foreman entered.

"We want copy for the inside," he said, "the outside is already made up," and he handed back the anecdote that I had just sent to the compositors.

I think I must have looked blank; I know I felt so, for the idea that a particular kind of copy was required for a particular side of the paper was something entirely new to me. I hesitated a moment, took up a paper and cut out an article headed "Our Country and Her Wants," not noticing that the paper was a rank Democratic sheet, and the article one abusing the Republican party in general, and the present administration in particular.

I had hardly reached a paragraph in my "leader," ere another call came for "More copy," and "more copy" it was, for the next six hours. The day closed; but I could not say the same of my leader—alas! it had only reached its fourth paragraph—and, allow me to say right here, that that was all it ever reached, for the next day was publication day, and I had the mortification of seeing the paper go to press without a "long leader, in my best style," in fact, there was not a line of my writing in its columns. The chagrin which this thought caused me, was nothing, however, to what was to follow. I leave it to the imagination of the reader to depict my feelings when, upon picking up the damp sheet, I read the different articles I had selected. The first, as I have already stated, was an abusive article against the administration; the next, an equally abusive one against the Republican nominee for Congress—a favorite man of the party, and a particular

friend of mine, as my numerous stump-speeches of last autumn would prove.

There was a paper the most intensely Democratic (if one could judge from its contents,) issued from a Republican office, by a leader of the Republican party. I laid down the paper, and, as a sense of my ridiculous position overbalanced every other feeling, I burst out laughing; but my laughter was cut short by the entrance of the would be M. C., whose countenance betokened anything but mirth, and a vision of horse-whips flitted before my mind.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the wrathful M. C., as he shook the offensive paper in my face. In vain I explained and apologized; he met me with the constant query:

"Why didn't you read the article?"—or, at least, see that you cut it from a Republican paper?"

Sure enough!—why didn't I? At last he closed his angry harrangue by calling me a "beautiful editor," which I considered, as Artemus Ward says, "a little sarcastical;" rather a dubious compliment for a man who had all his life been criticising other editors and landing his own skill—albeit his untried skill.

But my trouble did not end here. I entered the press-room just as the form was being lifted from the press, the "quoins-box" obstructed the way, and my toes coming in contact with it, threw me forward, and, in my descent, I "embraced" a boy who had hold of one end of the form; he, losing his presence of mind by the suddenness of my manifestations, let the form drop from his hands—a shout—a crash—and the form lay a mass of ruins at my feet. I fled in consternation, but as my ill-luck would have it, I took the store-room door instead of the right one, and stumbled against an open keg of ink, tipping it over, and falling, head first, into the dark mass. "That 'form' is inked!" shouted the devil, as, attracted by the uproar, he hastened to the spot, followed by all the types in the office. A general shout greeted my arising. "Rather dark copy!" I heard one type say; but as I don't belong to the craft I couldn't appreciate the joke. I was led to the lye-bucket, and I have an appreciative sense of what it must be to be flayed alive.

At last I was in a condition to return to my room, and I did not leave it for a week; the paper, in the meantime, being left at the mercy of the foreman. The first call I made after my voluntary imprisonment was upon the lady who had been in my thoughts when I had the terrific encounter with John.

As soon as I entered, I saw that my case was hopeless. It is said that woman can overlook every fault; can even cover the sins of a beloved one with a mantle of charity; but to hear the object of their affection ridiculed steals their heart against him forevermore. Sadly I learned that this was all too true.

The M. C., who had once been my friend, no longer spoke to me, and I had the felicity of learning that he was about to marry my former charmer, and that I was often the subject of ridicule and satire.

Wherever I went, I was greeted with mock humility as "Mr. Editor," until life became almost unendurable. I had made myself famous—as I always thought I should—in the editorial chair; but who would covet such a fame?

John forgave me, and still called me "friend," but even he occasionally harrows up my feelings by allusions to the lengthy editorials I wrote, and the great popularity I obtained as editor of the "Uniontown Bugle."

When I hear a man criticise an editor, I always wish that he could pass through my experience, and learn, as I learned, how easy it is to become famous as an editor!

## A Bit of History.

Prentice of the Louisville Journal was strongly advocating the prosecution of the war. And in this connection he tells a little story. Dr. Jephtha Foulkes of Memphis informs an exchange that he offered Prentice, in behalf of the South, a quarter of a million of dollars to guarantee him against loss, provided he advocated a separation of the North and South. Mr. Prentice says:

"If, in the very incipency of the rebellion, we were notified that \$75,000 in gold, to be increased indefinitely, was awaiting our order (avowedly not as a bribe, but to save us from possible loss,) provided we would go for peaceable separation of the North and the South upon the basis of trade between the two, discriminating against the rest of the world; if we were very soon afterward a most enormous price for the sale of our paper to a disloyal committee of another State; and if, very much later in the rebellion, we were told by high Confederate authorities, that, on condition of our advocating peace or using our exertions in Kentucky in our own way to promote it, we should have as much cotton, guaranteed to run out of Wilmington, as would place us among the rich men of the nation, surely these things were no crimes of ours. Everybody knows that such offers, if made, did not influence us.

## The Snow.

Since the publication of the "Bridges of Sighs," by mood, we have seen nothing equal to the following poem, in point of smooth versification, flowing rhythm, and touching pathos. The plaintive wail of a woman's lost honor will bring tears to every sensitive breast.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and earth below;  
Over the housetops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet.  
Dancing,  
Flinging,  
Stimulating along,  
It does no wrong,  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.  
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow:  
How the flakes gather, and laugh as they go  
Whirling about, in the maddening fun  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by:  
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye,  
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around—  
The town is alive, and its heart is in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song;  
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,  
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye—  
Ringing,  
Swinging,  
Dashing they go.

Over the crust of the beautiful snow:  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowds rushing by,  
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet.  
Till it bleeds with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!  
Fell, like the snow flakes, from heaven to hell!  
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;  
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;  
Pleading,  
Cursing,  
Dreading to die.

Selling my soul to whoever would buy;  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Father,  
Mother,  
Sister, all,  
God and myself I have lost by my fall;  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander too high;  
For all that on or above me I know  
There's nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!  
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.

Fainting,  
Freezing,  
Dying alone,  
Too wicked for a prayer, too weak for a moan,  
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town—  
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,  
To be, and to be, in my terrible woe,  
My only bed and shroud the beautiful snow.

## The Currency, Trade, and Prices.

Advices from the various centers of commerce of the country, says an exchange, indicate a general decline in prices—hardly any of the leading commodities of trade being exempt—and the same is true of prices will continue still further to decline. In the present disturbed and unsettled condition of our national finances it is difficult to form an opinion of the future condition of the markets approaching correctness, or at all satisfactory. Congress is drifting along without giving the subject much attention, or none at all; and, in the meantime, the country is flooded with greenbacks and what is worse, theories, pro and con, as to the effect of measures likely to become laws. Contracting the currency, thereby bringing values to a specie basis, it is held by some, will be the order of the day; and, on the other hand, it is held that Congress would perpetrate a monstrous wrong by adopting a policy so fraught with disaster to those who have realized princely fortunes during the past four years, out of the misfortunes of the country. By contracting the currency, prices will necessarily decline, but by creating additional National Banks, and keeping afloat the irredeemable trash which now afflicts and affrights the nation, it is possible to keep prices at something near the present fictitious and burdensome figures. The subject, however, is full of perplexities and uncertainties as to check ventures, and consequently, speculators are withdrawing to safe quarters, and merchants, at least the shrewd and far-seeing, are adopting a policy of greater caution than has for several years characterized that portion of our population. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the general markets of the country are dull; not need it surprise any one if they should continue to exhibit a want of activity for several months to come. It is quite evident that very grave mistakes have been made by statisticians in regard, not only to the amount of the principal staples on hand in the country, but also as to the demand for them. It is beginning to be observed that there is more cotton, breadstuffs, cattle and hogs in the country than is shown by the estimates made some months since. The consequence is, cotton is declining in this country and in Europe.

Breadstuffs are declining and weaker in all of the markets of the country. The hog crop is largely in excess of what it was believed to be some weeks since, and as a consequence, prices of provisions tend to lower figures. The South has learned to live more economically than was its custom before the war; but, were this not the case, she has not the wherewith to purchase largely. There is a large surplus in the country of the items we have mentioned, and, as soon as the ice-fetters are removed from the rivers of the Northwest, its breadstuffs will find their way to the markets of the country, and contribute to bring prices to a living standard, and this will be the result, though Congress shall ignore all legislation upon the question of finances, thereby keeping afloat the present enormous amount of greenbacks. In this condition of things there can be no question as to the wisdom and prudence of caution in every description of mercantile transactions. That a crash is coming, the best informed predict and believe, and he who keeps himself in the best condition to meet it, will have the best reasons for self-gratulation when it has passed.

## The South.

That portion of the country known as "the South," says the Memphis Ledger, embraces eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles, and is as large as Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia and Spain, with a most productive soil and a genial climate; with staple productions which none of these great countries can grow; with three thousand miles of coast line, indented with bays and crowded with islands, and its vast center watered by the Mississippi, into whose bosom are poured thirty-six thousand miles of tributary streams.

The total agricultural productions of the United States for 1860 amounted to \$1,164,000,000; of this sum the North produced, in round numbers, \$6,400,000, and the South, \$5,600,000. The population of the North, in 1860, was 18,527,230; that of the South, 9,664,656. The North had a deficiency in 1860 of agricultural productions to the value of \$6,105,594; the South a surplus of \$124,855,712, or each person at the North consumed thirty-eight cents more than he produced; at the South each person produced twelve dollars and ninety cents more than he consumed.

These facts are referred to for the purpose of showing how idle it is to despond of the future of a region which possesses such enormous elements of natural wealth, and whose exports at the period above mentioned were three times as great as those of the whole United States ten years after the revolutionary war. The recuperative powers of such a region must be perfectly incalculable. With the introduction of capital and immigration from Europe, all traces of the late war will be obliterated in five years. Every year that succeeds will witness such a march of prosperity and population as even the Western States have never equaled. With the removal of all the energetic and enterprising men of the North, and the introduction within our borders, of the idle and dissipated elements of the North, the end of the present century will see the South the most prosperous and densely populated portion of the American Republic.

In describing a reception at the White House the Washington Star says: A peculiar style of wearing the hair last evening among the ladies, was the subject of much comment, and the remarks were, for the most part, altogether in its favor, as a becoming substitute for the water fall. The hair was allowed to fall its full length, without fetter or bond of any description, and was thought by many to be the most graceful style the ever-changing empress, Fashion, has yet presented to public patronage.

## "Stonewall" Jackson.

[From the Field, Turf and Farm.]

Now that the war has closed, and peace returned to bless the land, we can look dispassionately upon the leaders of the armies in the great Rebellion. While lauding the valor of our own gallant soldiers, a frank and generous spirit will not permit us to overlook the bravery of those who fought in a mistaken cause. Their valor intitles them to respect, and if bravery makes heroes, then we must not forget their deeds of lofty daring. The heart which is influenced by noble and generous impulses, will not refuse to recognize the gallantry of a soldier, it matters not in what cause he fights, especially when he surrenders his life on the battle-field. Bravery makes the soldier hero; and the general who commands the love of his troops—soldiers who falter not in the hour of privation and danger—is justly entitled to our admiration. Our late war furnished many heroes—heroes born beneath a northern as well as a southern sky. It would be an unjust reflection upon the gallantry of the Federal troops to attempt to disparage the bravery of the Confederate soldiers. The grass is growing upon the graves of thousands of

fallen braves, and to the mind of the soldier they are heroes alike.

The gray jacket and the blue coat sleep side by side, and some day we will rear a monument in honor of their deeds of heroism. Even now we find the portrait of General Lee hanging by the side of General Grant's. It is but natural that the surviving soldiers should respect those against whom they fought. It matters not, whether wearing the badge of defeat or victory; the heart is base indeed, when it refuses to pay a tribute to bravery. But we have no intention of entering into a full discussion of the question. Our object is simply to notice a lithograph likeness, recently published, a Confederate General, "Stonewall" Jackson, the idol of his command, and the hero of many a fight. We call him a hero because he led brave men to battle, and, whether he retired from a field of defeat, or proudly waved his banner in the hour of victory, those against whom his columns charged behaved with gallantry, and fought as only heroes can. It is no honor to cross swords with an arrant coward, and who will claim that no laurels were won by the Federal soldiers during the four years of war? "Stonewall" Jackson, then, was a military hero, viewed from a northern, as well as southern, standpoint, and it is but natural, that all who can appreciate bravery should desire to preserve his counterfeit presentment. It will find a place in many homes, and by the side of McPherson, Wadsworth, Lyon and others, it will hang suspended against the wall.

## Proposed Changes of Methodism.

Dr. A. L. P. Green, an individual well known, and of considerable popularity with Southern Methodists, proposes to the Tennessee and other Conferences, what the Southern Christian Advocate calls "alarmingly radical changes" for the action of the next General Conference. Dr. Green's memorial was not adopted by the Tennessee Conference, but it shows a feeling of unrest in the Church. Some of them sympathize with the movement, yet the majority of them, we doubt not, will oppose it. We think some of the changes would be for the better, especially those with regard to the pay of Ministers, and the length of time they may remain at a station. We would rejoice to see the change made this year, so that our present pastor may be retained.

However, we do not intend to discuss the matter—allude to it only as a matter of news. Dr. Green says, "multitudes brought under divine influence by the Methodist ministry, do not unite with Methodist Churches," and he proposes to remedy this—

"1st. By changing the name of the church; 2. By destroying our system of itinerant General Superintendency, and reducing our Bishops to mere diocesan; 3d. By indefinitely prolonging the pastoral term—at the Bishop's will; 4th. By introducing the lay element into the legislative department of our church; 5th. By giving our people to vote on the salary of any amount, great or small, of any of our officers; 6th. By doing away with the system of prolocutors, or catechumens, in the church; 7th. By striking a blow at the expiring body of class meetings, in proposing that attendance upon them be by law made optional; 8th. By the adoption of the new system instead of free sittings, in our churches; 9th. By blotting from the book of Discipline every condition of membership 'not clearly found in the Bible.'"

There are over half a million white men and women in the old free States that can't read or write; yet their Representatives are full of zeal to educate the negro. We are not opposed to the negroes having the advantages of education; but we don't think they are any better than white people. However, New-Englanders know their own neighbors better than we do, and our estimate of their worth may be incorrect.

The Harper Brothers announce, amongst other works, soon to be published, a volume on "The War of the Rebellion," by Hon. Henry S. Foote. It will doubtless prove to be a tirade against Jefferson Davis, rather than a history of the war; and an excuse for his own mis-conduct, rather than an impartial narrative.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—Sheet-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, hellish socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta serena biscuits, flabby steaks, dull razors, corns, coughs, colds and cholera, rhubarb, aloes, misery, catenatas. Ugh! "I'm going to have a wife."

A Washington correspondent says:—B. F. Butler, the Beast, has just closed negotiations for a valuable mill property on the James river near Richmond, intending to erect extensive cotton factories. New England families and mill operatives will settle upon it.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel die is a ting vat I don't seldom like to taunk a pout; but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."